

The Tragedie of Hamlet

I doe beseech you giue him leaue to goe:

King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine
And thy best graces spend it at thy will:

But now my Cofin *Hamlet*, and my sonne.

Ham. A little more then kin, and lesse then kind.

King. How is it that the clowdes still hang on you.

Ham. Not so much my Lord, I am too much in the sonne.

Queene. Good *Hamlet* cast thy nighted colour off

And let thine eye looke like a friend on *Denmarke*.

Doe not for euer with thy vailed lids

Seeke for thy noble Father in the dust,

Thou know'st tis common all that liues must die,

Passing through nature to eternitie.

Ham. I Madding, it is common.

Quee. If it be

VVhy seemes it so perticuler with thee.

Ham. Seemes Madding, nay it is, I know not seemes,

Tis not alone my incky cloake coold mother

Nor customary suites of solembe blacke

Nor windie suspiration of forst breath

No, nor the fruitfull riuer in the eye,

Nor the dejected hauior of the visage

Together with all formes, moods, chapes of grieve

That can deuote me truely, these indeede seeme,

For they are actions that a man might play

But I haue that within which passes shoue

These but the trappings and the suites of woe.

King. Tis sweete and commendable in your nature *Hamlet*,

To giue these mourning duties to your father

But you must knowe your father lost a father,

That father lost, lost his, and the suruiuer bound

In filliall obligation for some tearme

To doe obsequious sorrowe, but to perseuer

In obstinate condolement, is a course

Of impious stubbornnes, tis vnmanly grieve,

It shoues a will most incorrect to heauen

A hart vnfortified, or minde impatient

An vnderstanding simple and vnschoold

For what we knowe must be, and is as common

As

Prince of Denmarke.

As any the most vulgar thing to sence,

Why should we in our peuisish opposition

Take it to hart, fie, tis a fault to heauen,

A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,

To reason most absurd, whose common theame

Is death of fathers, and who still hath cryed

From the first course, till he that died to day

This must be so: we pray you throw to earth

This vnpreuailing woe, and thinke of vs

As of a father, for let the world take note

You are the most imediate to our throne,

And with no lesse nobilitie of loue

Then that which dearest father beares his sonne,

Doe I impart toward you for your intent

In going back to schoole in *Wittenberg*,

It is most retrogard to our desire,

And we beseech you bend you to remaine

Heere in the cheare and comfort of our eye,

Our chiefeft courtier, cofin, and our sonne.

Quee. Let not thy mother loose her prayers *Hamlet*,

I pray thee stay with vs, goe not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you Madam.

King. Why tis a louing and a faire reply,

Be as our selfe in *Denmarke*, Madam come,

This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*

Sits smiling to my hart, in grace whereof,

No iocond health that *Denmarke* drinckes to day,

But the great Cannon to the clowdes shall tell.

And the Kings rowse the heauen shall brute againe,

Respeaking earthly thunder; come away. *Florisb.*

Ham. O that this too too sallied flesh would melt,

Thaw and resolute it selfe into a dewe,

Or that the euerlasting had not fixt

His cannon gainst seale slaughter, O God, God,

How wary, stale, flat, and vnprofitable

Seeme to me all the vses of this world?

Fie on't, ah fie, tis an vnweeded garden

That growes to seede, things rancke and grosse in nature,

Possesse it meere that it should come thus

C.

But